

You Really Got Me by thevault

Series: [Nights Like These \[4\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Anal Fingering, Anal Sex, Bottom Billy Hargrove, Fluff, Fluff and Smut, Happy Ending, Homophobic Language, Implied/Referenced Child Abuse, Internalized Homophobia, M/M, Porn with Feelings, Top Steve Harrington

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Neil Hargrove, Steve Harrington

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

Status: Completed

Published: 2021-06-23

Updated: 2021-06-23

Packaged: 2022-03-31 13:54:38

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 1

Words: 4,914

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Maybe he'd hit his head a few too many times, or perhaps it was just subconscious wishful thinking, but he could have sworn the figure looked like *Steve*.

And it was headed right towards his house.

You Really Got Me

Author's Note:

heyyyyy, so here's another (and most likely the final) part to this series!! Get ready for some warm and fuzzy feelings bc these boys are SOFT. Hope you enjoy!!

Please be aware that there are mentions of Neil hurting Billy, and Billy referring to himself as "fag" and "faggot" internally, due to Neil's abuse. If there's any tags I missed, please let me know!!

Billy's been hanging out of his bedroom window for the past hour, chain smoking into the stifling Indiana heat like it's gonna do something to calm his nerves.

Nearly three weeks had gone by since Steve conked out on Billy's chest like he was some overgrown body pillow, warm and soft on top of him like a dream. Billy had fought with himself for a long time, lying there in the silence occasionally disturbed by soft snorts and sleepy huffs of breath along Billy's collarbone. He should have just shoved Steve off and brought him home, could have easily complained about the uncomfortable position and the cum drying on his dick, their thighs and stomachs.

But, true to Neil's word, Billy was too much of a *fag* and a pussy to do anything about it.

So, he'd let Steve sleep, wondering what the fuck in Steve Harrington's cushy little life could have made him look so goddamn *scared* while he hyperventilated and and clung to Billy after what was, arguably, one of the best mutual orgasms of his life. Like, who has a meltdown after something like that? And, seriously, *what the hell was Steve so scared of?*

He'd kept himself up half the night thinking about it, spent half the night fucking *worrying* about Steve before he spent the other half passed out underneath him, forced to wake up with a sore back and

another beating waiting for him at home. And really, that's what Billy gets for worrying, for trying to be nice, for trying to get too close. For letting Steve get too close.

Billy's so keyed up he feels like he's about to burst. The cigarettes don't help but he keeps smoking them anyway, elbows planted on the windowsill as he blows smoke up towards the sky. It's almost midnight, Neil and Susan both tucked into their recliner and bed respectively, and Billy could give a goddamn what the shitbird was doing.

The bruises on his ribcage had healed for the most part, a wonderful welcome home gift after rolling up in the Camaro around 5 AM after dropping Steve back at Loch Nora. It was convenient for Neil, honestly. Susan and Maxine were still asleep, fresh morning dew soaking through Billy's jeans where he knelt in the grass while Neil grabbed a fistful of his hair and laid into him until he had to leave for work.

Since Neil had given it to him the night before, it was taking a little longer for the shiner under his eye to heal. No longer swollen, thankfully, but still a dark shade of purple and tender to the touch.

Billy prodded at it with his fingers idly as he scanned the quiet streets, counting the street lights and nearly smacking the back of his head on the open window at the sight of a shadowy figure darting across them. He cursed as he dropped his cigarette, hopefully not the last of the pack, squinting as the figure passed under one of the dingy yellowing lights.

Maybe he'd hit his head a few too many times, or perhaps it was just subconscious wishful thinking, but he could have sworn the figure looked like *Steve*.

And it was headed right towards his house.

Billy probably should have slammed his window shut and locked it for the night, that would have been the smart thing to do, but he'd always been book smart. Common sense escaped him, and good judgement was not his forte.

With wide eyes, Billy gaped at the hurried silhouette as it neared, defining features becoming clearer the closer he got. Billy's gut was twisted up in knots, nervous and scared and, if he was being honest with himself, a little excited that Steve Harrington was definitely trying to sneak in through his window. Like he was some girl who wasn't allowed to have boys in his room.

"What the fuck are you doing?!" Billy whispered harshly into the night once Steve was at the edge of his lawn, making the other boy startle and stumble with a curse. His last few steps towards Billy's window were messy as he tried to gain his footing again, palms slapping against the side of the Hargrove/Mayfield house to steady himself.

Billy clenched the windowsill with a white-knuckled grip as he waited for Steve's answer, jaw clenched tight enough that he was sure Steve could see the tension in it. He was breathing heavily through his nose, like an angry bull ready to charge.

But Steve just lifted his head with a dopey grin, only about a foot lower than Billy, an easy hurdle if he so pleased.

"I missed you."

He said it so simply, like it was an obvious fact, like they just fucking *missed* each other and that was okay. It had Billy tensing up, more so than he already was, heart leaping into his throat because, well... nobody ever missed him.

And Steve looked so good in the moonlight, pale skin almost glowing, hair freshly coiffed, smelling like expensive cologne and dressed to kill. Billy was blushing, he could feel it, and it was making him angry.

"What?" Billy's angry whispering was louder than Steve's calm, quiet voice, but whatever.

Steve pouted a little, like he was disappointed Billy didn't say it back, hands creeping up to grab the edge of the windowsill between where Billy was still gripping it like a vice. Their hands were close, but not touching, though Steve's pinkies twitched like he wanted them to.

Steve glanced down briefly, a furrow in his brow like he was trying to think of what to say next, looking twice as determined when he raised his head again.

“It’s...,” Steve squeezed the windowsill, summoning the courage presumably, “it’s been like, three weeks, man. I wanted to see you, and I just... I got fucking sick of waiting around, wondering when you were gonna show up, okay? I figured your old man would be asleep by now and I’ve done this with girls like, a hundred times and haven’t been caught since I was like, fifteen, so.” Steve shrugged, rocking up onto his tiptoes for a moment, unsure of himself. “We won’t get caught. Promise.”

Billy, honestly, didn’t even know how to process all of that. Just stared dumbly at Steve in the dark, mouth agape and starting to sweat. A million responses echoed through his mind, most of which included telling Steve to fuck right off, to never come back to his house again, maybe even threaten to sick Neil on him like the fag-hating rabid dog he is.

He didn’t say any of those things.

“This is a bad idea,” he said instead, swallowing the lump in his throat as he glanced out at Old Cherry Road as if anyone would be up at this hour to witness this strange reenactment of Romeo and Juliet.

Steve perked up right away at Billy’s response, like he’d already invited him into his room, somehow inching even closer to the house. “Never said it was a good one.”

Billy’s nostrils flared in irritation at the fucking *charm* on this guy, clearly so in his element. Had Billy fucked the confidence back into the king?

Billy glanced behind him at his bedroom door, then back at Steve and held up his index finger in warning. *Wait here, idiot.*

Billy spun around and made his way silently to his bedroom door, cracked it just enough to peer out at where Neil was still unconscious, bright flickering lights of the TV illuminating the living room. He could see at least six beer cans in his field of view, enough

to keep him out for at least a few hours. So Billy quietly shut the door again and turned back to the window, only to find Steve already climbing through the window, sneakers in hand and socked feet landing silently on the floor.

He set his sneakers down as Billy advanced on him, grabbing him by the lapels of his bomber jacket to yank him upright again, snarling in his face. All exposed teeth and angry lines in his brow, ready to attack. Billy opened his mouth to talk, only to be cut short before he could even begin by the soft caress of Steve's lips on his own, short and sweet and to the point.

"Shhh," Steve whispered as he brought a finger to his lips, a hint of a smirk tugging at the corner, *"don't wanna get caught, do you?"*

And just like that, Billy felt hot all over. Got that rush of adrenaline that, yeah, they could get caught, and even though under no circumstances whatsoever would he want to be caught with a boy in his room in *this* house, it still got him hot thinking about it. Made his breath stutter as his eyes grew heavy with lust, dropping down to gaze at the pink curve of Steve's pretty lips.

It was like the next breath was punched out of him as Steve caught him in another kiss, rougher this time, more demanding. Billy could feel him going lax, the tight grip on Steve's jacket turning into a loose hold, keeping himself grounded as Steve walked him back to his bed. A skilled tongue was at his lips, and Billy parted easily, ready to accept all that King Steve had to offer. But it was just a tease, lips parting once more as Steve pushed him down onto his bed. Looking up at Steve in the dim light of his bedside lamp, from his own bed, legs already spread around where Steve was standing between them--it was giving him butterflies. Getting him all worked up faster than it should have.

Steve was all confidence above him, stripping his jacket away like some Calvin Klein model before crawling on top of Billy, ready to deflower. Billy swallowed nervously as heat crept down his neck, making his ears hot. Steve nudged him with a knee, encouraging him to get on the bed properly, which he did without complaint; awkwardly shuffling up until his head hit the pillow.

Compared to Steve's fancy queen bed, Billy's twin was a tight squeeze, but they made it work. Billy's legs parted around Steve's hips, where he settled comfortably before diving in for another kiss, hands already at Billy's waist. The clingy material of Billy's beater rode up easily as Steve's hands slipped underneath and climbed upwards, feeling as much skin as he could reach.

It was embarrassing, how easy Billy was for Steve, the way his back arched into his touches and his legs spread impossibly wider. Their kissing was quickly turning frantic, sloppy and wet with too much tongue, too much emotion. Billy wanted so badly to moan into their kiss, to pant and whine and whimper, but he knew better. Kept all of his sounds to himself as he grabbed Steve by the hips and pulled him down to feel his weight on top of him.

The way Steve chuckled, so light and airy, in his ear as their bodies collided had Billy tingling all over. Was this what it felt like to be one of those Hawkins cows, graced by the presence of King Steve climbing through their window? Did they all feel this special?

Before Billy could even think, he had his arms wrapped around Steve's shoulders, keeping him close as he turned his head to brush his lips against Steve's ear, breathing hot and heavy against him. He could feel the way Steve's dick kicked where it was pressed into the crease of Billy's thigh, filling out a little more, noticeable even through Billy's sweats and Steve's jeans.

"Want you to fuck me," Billy whispered oh so quiet, almost hoping Steve didn't hear so he could act like he'd never said it in the first place.

But there was no mistaking that Steve had heard him, not with how the casual half-chub between them filled out in record time, fully hard and grinding down against him impatiently.

A stuttering breath in his ear, and then, *"you sure, baby?"*

Billy's eyelids fluttered and he had to bite down on his lip to keep quiet, his own hips lifting off the bed to meet Steve's eager grinding. Nuzzling the tip of his nose behind Steve's ear, Billy nodded, voice hoarse on another whisper, *"yeah."*

Steve raked his nails down Billy's torso from where they'd wandered up to his pecs, leaving Billy a shuddering mess beneath him. Then they were moving up again, soothing the scratches, only to catch on the fabric of Billy's tank again with the intent to take it off. Billy wiggled and arched until the item was discarded, tried not to cling too much when Steve pulled away to sit up on his knees.

There was a smug look on Steve's face as he pulled his own shirt off, and Billy didn't even want to think about the amount of hairspray it took to keep that mane intact through all their hurried movements. Steve didn't hesitate in yanking Billy's sweats down, making sure to clutch the fabric of his boxers as well to yank it all down in one go, leaving Billy exposed.

Billy knew he was a sight to see, had worked hard to make sure that he was, but he wasn't expecting Steve to look so... reverent. It made Billy feel oddly small in a way he wasn't used to, had him fidgeting on the bed and turning his head away as he brought an arm up to cover his eyes, hiding from that heated gaze.

The sound of a zipper had Billy peeking out from under his arm, eyes transfixed as Steve reached into his jeans and pulled his cock free without preamble, rock hard, weeping at the slit, all smoothly shaved as ever. Except this time Billy knew it was actually for him, not a routine grooming. Steve had come here with a plan.

Billy let his arm drop completely when Steve started to stroke himself, his own cock twitching against his belly at the sight. But they needed to get this moving, too close to playing with fire like this. Billy half-rolled onto his side to reach into his nightstand drawer for the tub of Vaseline he kept there, quickly scooping some out and smearing it across three fingers.

Suddenly self-conscious of being watched, a feeling Billy's never experienced before, he reached for the lamp to turn it off, only to be stopped by a hand on his arm. Billy glanced back at Steve, flush high on his cheeks as he watched Steve give a curt shake of his head, *no, I want to see.*

So Billy left the light on, rolled onto his back again, and slowly brought his knees to his chest. The way Steve squeezed his dick

didn't go unnoticed, his free hand coming to rest on the back of one of Billy's thighs, keeping him steady. Billy was thankful for it, felt like he was going to shake apart without Steve grounding him.

It was no surprise to Billy how easily the first finger slipped in, not with how he'd been fingering himself open while he rutted into his pillow a few times a week for the past who knows how long dreaming about Steve's cock. But Steve? Yeah, he looked shocked, and awed, and so unbelievably turned on as he hyper-fixated on the disappearing act. He started stroking himself a little faster, the obscene amounts of precum he always seemed to leak easily slicking the way for him.

Quick to move onto a second, Billy's mouth hung open and his head fell back on the pillow as he pushed in his ring finger alongside the middle. It stung a little, too fast to be moving on so soon, but he liked it that way; always too keyed up and eager when it came to Steve, except now he was on the receiving end.

Starting to thrust in and out of himself, Billy watched the way Steve jerked himself off, speeding up so often and then slowing back down like he couldn't control his own motor functions. And Billy could relate, because he was already fucking himself fast, forcing himself to open up so he could just *get on that dick already*.

A soft moan had Billy snapping his gaze up to Steve's pretty face, and man, was that a mistake. Their eyes locked instantly, and the sheer intensity of it had Billy curling his toes and biting his lip to keep quiet, his body tightening around his fingers with a hot wave of arousal. It was like Billy could taste the undeniable *want* and *need* in the air, and Steve must have been just as affected by it.

His hand quickly retreated from where he'd been stroking himself, as if he'd been burned, big dick bobbing in the air as it throbbed and twitched, more precum oozing from the head. Steve struggled to keep quiet, mirroring Billy as he bit his own lip on a breathy sound. Instead of grabbing his dick again, Steve placed his now free hand on the back of Billy's other thigh, squeezing at the soft flesh there as he maintained eye contact.

It was too much, being the center of the King's attention when he was

looking at him like *that*, all starry-eyed and soft, like Billy was some pretty girlfriend below him. It got him hot all over and dribbling pre down the length of his cock, butterflies swarming in his belly once again.

Billy needed a distraction before he got any funny ideas. He crooked his fingers inside himself and hit that wonderful spot that had him seeing stars. His mouth fell open on a silent moan and a desperate exhale as his eyes fluttered shut, muscles clenching up around his fingers again, cock pusing between his legs.

Blunt nails digging into the back of his thighs had Billy snapping his eyes open again, and *god*, Steve looked desperate, gaze flickering between Billy's face and where he was fucking himself. He shuffled a little closer to Billy so that he could feel rough denim against his skin, nudging at him as if to say, *again, baby, do it again*. Or at least, that's how Billy saw it.

So he did it again, rubbed the pads of his fingers over his prostate until he was arching off the bed, breathing labored and face red from the effort to keep quiet. He had his head tipped back into the pillow as he worked at the spot, wave after wave of pleasure working him loose for Steve's big cock.

Billy startled as Steve was suddenly on top of him again, panting in his ear and letting go of Billy's thighs in favor of running his fingers over Billy's knuckles where he was still inside himself. Excitement zipped up Billy's spine as Steve's long, deft fingers circled his rim, teasing. He couldn't help the way he arched his hips closer to that touch like a slut, wanted Steve inside him so bad he couldn't take it.

"Fuck, you're so hot..." Steve whispered as he pressed a finger in alongside Billy's two.

Billy choked on a sound as Steve helped stretch him out, uncaring of how loud he might have been. It was too good, all of it was too good-- his words, his touch, his warmth, his scent. Billy felt like he was falling apart, already so embarrassingly close to the edge that he had to pull his own fingers out, which Steve was quick to replace with another of his own.

Steve pressed his hips forward to grind his cock alongside Billy's, smearing precum onto his toned abs. He started to work up a rhythm like that, matching the pace of his fingers to the grind of his hips, and Billy felt like he was going to lose his mind. He could just imagine it, that huge dick thrusting into him just like his fingers were now, filling him up over and over again. He needed it like he needs air, even if he knew it was going to be a stretch.

"Need you," Billy whimpered quietly, not for the first time, lips pressed up against the shell of Steve's ear.

A soft grunt, and then, "*yeah, big guy?*" Like they were in the Camaro again, except this time, rolls reversed.

Billy nodded frantically and reached between them to grab onto Steve's wrist so he could pull his fingers free, shuddering at the empty feeling he was left with. Thankfully, Steve wasn't about to make him wait, using the Vaseline on his fingers to slick up his cock as fast as possible before lining himself up.

It was too intimate, the way Billy wrapped his arms around Steve's shoulders and squeezed at his hips with thick, strong thighs, but he couldn't bring himself to care. He wanted to feel Steve everywhere, inside and on top and all around. And Steve did not disappoint.

Billy forced himself to relax as he felt the blunt head of Steve's cock nudge against his rim, slipping and sliding as Steve rubbed against him over and over. Just that alone already had them both panting, and then he was pressing in, slow and steady and Billy just wanted to fucking *scream*.

It had been a while since Billy had let someone do this to him, not since Cali, but it was well worth the wait. It felt like Steve was filling him up forever, stretching him out as he sank in a little at a time, just to pull out and thrust back in, just as slow, but a little deeper each time. It was like heaven, and Billy wanted to say as much, but he was afraid that once he opened his mouth, he wouldn't be able to stop.

So he just breathed against Steve's ear as he took it all, inch by inch, like some fucking tender high school sweethearts.

And maybe Billy was being dramatic, or way too horny, or Steve's dick was really just that *big*, but it felt like a goddamn eternity before he was fully seated inside Billy, hips flush and grinding together like they couldn't get enough.

Both of Steve's hands quickly made their way to Billy's ass, squeezing at the firm cheeks he'd worked so hard to perfect, truly worshipping them as they deserved. He kneaded at them like that for a while, all shuddering breaths and jerky motions but still not moving. It was driving Billy up a wall, mere seconds away from snapping and telling Steve to just fuck him already.

But then Steve was pulling the plump flesh apart, sinking in that little bit deeper before he was pulling his hips back and gliding right back in. They both tensed at the feeling, breath caught on wanton gasps, before Steve was speaking again.

"Jesus, baby, so tight..." It almost sounded like a sob, like Steve couldn't even handle it, hips popping against Billy's once, twice, involuntary movement. Billy could only gasp and reach up with one hand to tangle it in Steve's hair, tugging at the strands.

"Shut up and fuck me," Billy tried for demanding, but all he could manage was pathetic desperation, voice uncharacteristically high and whiney.

Steve just chuckled softly and turned his head so he could kiss Billy's cheek, and Billy tried really hard not to dwell on the lump in his throat.

It was easy to forget, because Steve was thrusting now, a steady in, out, in, out that had Billy *clinging* to him. It wasn't rough, or hard, and Steve was proving he did actually know what he was doing, stopping short of their hips meeting on every thrust to keep the noise down. It was a little agonizing, not getting every inch of him like he wanted, but it was necessary and they both knew it was going to get them there regardless.

In an effort to occupy his mouth and keep all of his sounds at bay, Billy started kissing Steve's neck. Wet, sloppy things that left smears of saliva behind and got Steve thrusting faster. Billy was quick to

learn that biting or sucking really did it for Steve, got his hips stuttering and his nails digging in where he still held onto Billy's ass like a lifeline. So naturally, Billy did it as much as he could.

The reality of leaving hickeys seemed to escape Billy's mind as he ravaged Steve's neck, sucking and biting at whatever he could reach, reaching down as far as his collarbone to get to new flesh. He could tell Steve was struggling to keep quiet, his breath constantly stuttering and catching in his throat, especially when Billy worked extra hard at the spot just behind his ear.

But payback was a bitch, and all it took was for Steve to shuffle around on his knees a little for him to find the right angle and Billy was toast. The first brush over his prostate had Billy biting down on Steve's shoulder *hard* to keep from wailing, and then after that it was like a barrage, thrust after thrust right into his sweet spot until Billy was arching off the bed, pulling at Steve's hair and scratching dark red lines across his back.

Guess they didn't call him King Steve for nothing.

Again, Billy was embarrassingly close, embarrassingly quickly. He had always been so easy to come when it came to getting fucked good, could come just on his fingers if he had the time and patience. So yeah, King Steve with his King Cock were getting him there, toes curling and balls tightening.

As if the brat could read his mind, Steve wiggled a hand between him to wrap around Billy's cock and it was just. Over. Steve didn't even get the chance to get a stroke in before Billy was coming apart, cock twitching violently in Steve's grip as he emptied between them, biting down on his own fist to keep quiet as he shuddered through his orgasm.

And Steve, the absolute *gentleman*, went right on fucking him through it, even started stroking Billy's cock hard and fast to really wring it out of him. A quiet, high-pitched sound squeaked through his throat, no doubt the remnants of a much louder sound strangled down by sheer force of will.

The rhythmic tightening of Billy's body seemed to milk Steve just as

good, because it wasn't long before Steve was as deep as he could go, stock-still and filling Billy up with near-silent, pathetic little noises. They were both trembling, pent up and so high off of each other it was unreal. If Neil walked in right now and murdered him for the faggot he was, he wouldn't even care. It would have been so worth it.

But Neil never came as the two boys eventually settled down into the bed, coming down from the blissful high of another shared orgasm. Billy swore he'd never felt so light before, uplifted by this closeness he'd never felt with another human being before. It was sappy, and pathetic, and really fucking *gay*, but Steve Harrington had him wrapped around his finger.

Sadly, the cold reality of their dangerous situation was rising, and it was clear they were both reluctant to separate, movements sluggish as Billy slowly let go of Steve as he lifted himself up. There was no hesitation as Steve dove down to capture Billy in a kiss, not chaste but not frantic, either. Just a slow, languid drag of lips and tongue until Steve was whispering against his lips.

"I think I'd better go."

And god that really just... kicked Billy's ass. He swallowed the lump in his throat and blinked away his welling tears with a curt nod, but Steve was quick to kiss the hurt away with a gentle press of his lips to Billy's cheek, then to his lips again.

They cleaned up quickly in silence, using Billy's discarded shirt to wipe up their mess before Steve shimmied back into his clothes and Billy threw on his boxers. He walked Steve to the window and pretended he didn't notice that Steve had left his jacket on the floor, let himself be selfish even if it was dangerous.

He helped Steve out of the window and let himself be dragged halfway out as Steve rocked up onto his tiptoes to pull Billy into a deep kiss, long, slender fingers tangling in Billy's unruly sex-rocked curls. When they parted, Steve smiled up at him like some angel, hands running down the length of Billy's arms as he landed flat on his feet and started to back away.

"See you tomorrow?" Steve asked, implying some unspoken plans

that Billy was over eager to accept.

Billy bit his lip in a bad attempt to hide his own smile, nodding his affirmation. "Yeah, tomorrow, pretty boy."

Steve walked backwards until he reached the sidewalk, and even when he turned around he kept glancing back at Billy over his shoulder, like he couldn't tear his eyes away. It gave him butterflies all over again, and once Steve was out of sight, Billy brought a hand up to trace his fingertips over his lips, already missing the way Steve's felt on his own.

For once, Billy thought something might just be going right in his life.

Author's Note:

soo, even though this is most likely the last part, there might be an extra little bonus at some point!! (if I get around to finishing it) originally, Rumours was supposed to end differently, but I guess I just like completely forgot that when I was wrapping that one up so I might post that fic with the original ending at some point.

anyway, hope you enjoyed this series, and please feel free to leave kudos and comments!! they really brighten my day and encourage me to write more!! :)